

Beater's Chronicles

by Fai's smile

Category: Harry Potter

Language: English

Characters: Bellatrix L., Rodolphus L.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-14 00:53:06

Updated: 2016-04-14 00:53:06

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:28:43

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,255

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: These are the chronicles of new player for Pride of Portree. Will their new beater prove to be starring player or fall in with the rest? Will team dynamics change, now, that Pride of Portree has become all- female team? QLFC season four is on and these are the contest's stories of beater 2. Round one: Bella has some interesting ideas about dating, Rodolphus doesn't mind.

Beater's Chronicles

****Disclaimer:** I own nothing, I just beat bludgers. Harry Potter belongs to J.K Rowling.**

****A/N:** This story was written for first round of QLFC Season 4.**

****BEATER 2: **_Write about your chosen Death Eater going on a date,**
—

****Optional prompts:**** clock, tomorrow, meadow

****Word count**:** 1 172

* * *

><p>I Date My Way

Bellatrix sighed with annoyance. Tomorrow was a Hogsmeade weekend. And she wouldn't be able to sneak off from there to Glasgow magical district, no, she was going to go on a date instead. With Rodolphus. How dull. She was no giggly girl or decorative ornament. And she didn't even like him, certainly not in that way. He wasn't very bright, but he was from an upstanding family and shared her family's views on politics, even if only silently with that quiet, mild voice of his. He was handsome, even though he wasn't her type. His eyes were pretty, when they were alight with passion.

Tomorrow, she was going to go on a date with him, but she wasn't going to let him bore her to death and drag her around Hogsmeade. No, she was going to show him just who she was and what she expected of him. Oh, yes she could get a man her family would be happy with and get more freedom out of it. After all it was him that had been persistent in pursuing her. Besides if she secured him for marriage, she would have that off her neck and could concentrate on more important things- like helping her lord- once she had finally graduated.

~~oOoooOoooOo~~

Rodolphus could not fall asleep. He turned and kicked off the restricting blankets, only to be, in no time, forced to drag them back by the chill of dungeon. He was going on a date tomorrow. He was so nervous, it was his first date with her. He knew she had agreed only grudgingly, but she did agree. Beautiful, fierce, Bella agreed to go to date with him. It was a dream come true, but what if he disappointed her? Don't get him wrong! Rodolphus could have many girls, but he didn't want some meek, obedient arm-decoration. Why so many witches from good families believed that to be attractive- was frankly beyond him. None of them shined like Bella did. Decorations are to be used, but how can anyone love them? Love them that way, when one can not respect them? But even Bella's good for nothing cousin respected her powers. He didn't even notice when his chaotic thoughts changed into a confusing mash of unsettled dreams.

Before long, he was standing in the entrance hall, waiting for her. Still nervous, still unsure of what to do. He needed to wash down the annoyingly sweet aftertaste of pumpkin juice. His hands were sweating, which was really beginning to get to him. It was unpleasant and embarrassing. He needed a shot, damn it. Hmm, maybe he could take her for a shot at the Hogs Head. To hell with those, who don't approve of drinking based on hours of the day. A shot could settle nerves and she wouldn't expect it. His lips slowly curved into a small smile. Maybe the fire-whisky would even help him for the rest of their date.

~~oOoooOoooOo~~

The clock was ticking. Bella glanced at it with frown. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. She had just styled her hair and put on makeup. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. She hadn't applied any charms yet. And she was supposed to meet Rodolphus in the entrance hall in a minute. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Well he could wait, but the ticking was annoying. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock- what a macabre sound. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock - time lost. Tick and Tock - a step closer to the reaper. She waved her wand and smirked at the merry cracking of the fire. That was so much better.

Now, what was that hair-style protecting spell? Oh yes, flick and swish. Impervius charm on mouth and eyes. She checked herself in a mirror, oh yes, this look would do. Lips as red as blood. Green shades matching her shimmery green-blue dress. She looked like nymph or ancient goddess. If he couldn't take her taking charge, he could and would see, just what he was missing out on.

She smirked at Rodolphus' surprised face.

"Bella, you look stunning." Of course, she does, she is charming her

prey like a snake.

"You look handsome, yourself. Shall we go?" Waiting for right moment to strike.

He offered her his arm in reply. The trek across the grounds was over quickly, the sunny spring day seemed to be made for walking. He led her to the Hog's head and bought the drinks. Before long they were sitting inside and nursing double-shots of firewhiskey. When they were done, Bella smirked at him: "Come on!" And before he could react, she was standing. She frowned at him and tugged him up. Always taking their prey by surprise.

"Now," she hissed. "You wouldn't want to spend such a nice day in a dinky pub, would you?" She added in a sickly sweet tone. He shook his head and let her drag him away. "Where are we going?" He asked after a few minutes. They had already passed through half of the village, insanely packed with students, and were now nearing the Shrieking shack.

~~oOoooOoooOo~~

"There is a nice secluded meadow nearby."

"A meadow?" he asked, bewildered. She surely can not mean toâ€¦ No! She wouldn't, but what on earth was she planning then?

"Yes, a meadow." He shook his head and stared at her dumbly.

"Get your head of a gutter, would you?" she hissed.

When he didn't even blink at that, she added: "I just want to see, what you've really got in you. A nice duel away from prying eyes. Heavens, it feels so good to be away from that muggle-lover and his hypocrisy,"

That hadn't even crossed his mind. He leaned in and kissed her. She smelled like blackberries and tasted like the firewhiskey, they had just consumed. She deepened the kiss. Way too soon they had to stop for air. She smiled at him like the cat, that got the cream. "I take it you agree?"

His tongue felt foreign in his mouth. Suddenly speaking seemed like a herculean task. He leaned to her to kiss her again but she stepped away from him. He stopped suddenly unsure. She looked at him over her shoulder: "If you can fight me to standstill I will say yes." She waved her ring free left hand at him, before striding among the trees.

He hastily followed her. He did not want to lose sight of her. Merlin, having sex looked mild compared to this. This was not daringâ€¦ it was insane. And it was sexy. He had never dueled, while hard before, but it seemed like that day was full of the first times.

No other witch would have done this. He was sure of that. He knew, a lot of people would be indignant, if they were in his place. But he was thrilled. Rodolphus had never felt this alive before. To imagine he could have ended up with some proper meek wife. He shuddered. He could not lose, he'd rather die. He would be bored to death with any

other woman after this.

End
file.